The News-Herald.

WEDNEADAY, JUNE 10, 1994.

HILLSBORO. . . . OHIO.

THE HUBBITE AND HIS SON.

"How big, papa, is Sullivan.
That people call him great?
Is he as big as ma's mamma—
And can he sby a plate?
"O. no, my son, about as big.
Perhapa, as Paddy Ryan;
His skill it is that makes him great
When with him gloves you try on."

"His skill so great? I know his nam
Is famed in Boston circles.
And that his dukes when clad with mitts
Resemble shells of turkles.
But can he knock one silly, ps.
This hero of our Hub,
Or are the stories that I read
Sensational flubdub?"

"They're true, my son; he's Boston's pride Fame clusters round his name; A glory almost defined Because, you know, he's game. We can not all be Sullivans, Nor with him ever cope, Nor pose as Ajax in the show, But where there's 'sand' there's 'soap.'"

"But where there so went,

"But, pa, if I to Harvard went,

Or even unto Yale.

Could I not hope to learn to apar

And make the propie quali?"

"O, yes, my son, perhaps you might,

But better learn to pitch—

Good pitchers snatch the Whyness

From the baldest-boarled Which."

WINONA'S FATE.

Little Coon, Her Aged Lover, Explodes a Fiction.

night lost and alone in the forest wilds you can appreciate my feeling of despair when I found myself weary, bewildered and storm-bound in the great woods of Canada. It was twenty years ago, to be sure, but the recollection of that night is as vivid in my memory as any event of yesterday.

I had spent the day in the pursuit of

I had spent the day in the pursuit of game, and when night began to fall shadows of the night.

"Winona answered Little Coon's call gave up the chase with the purpose of going to the settlement. An hour of hard trudging through the snow still found me among the whitened trees, confused, lost. After fully awakening 'Winona answered Little Coon's call when he cried out like a little duck. One night she told her lover that the chief had sold her to the 'Prairie Chicken,' or Seco, the trader, and that her father had said on the next night to a realization of the situation, there seemed to come a cold wave sweeping through the great dismal forest, and with the shudder of apprehension came a chill that seemed to stiffen my limbs and frost my face. The paroxysm of tear lasted but a brief period, but the intense cold could not be overcome by mental action and the fact became forcibly impressed that I must keep mov-

ing or perish.
"If I only knew which way to go," I

muttered to myself.

I gazed up through the leafless, creaking branches of the tall trees to see if the stars had appeared, but the sky was overcast and not a twinkling object met the anxious gaze. Night had fully come; there was no moon, but the darkness was not intense. The earth being mantled with fleecy white and the trees fringed with the same, dark objects were visible for several yards around. The tramp was re-sumed with no idea as to direction or what adventures lay in my path, Per-haps I was going deeper and deeper into the great woods and if not there was but little hope of getting out that night. Even the nearest point of egress in all probability was miles away, and thus one wandering in the night in a forest is liable to run a circle instead of keeping to one point of the compass. I have noticed that right-handed people usually circle to the left and vice versa, probably from the greater muscular force of one side reaching a little ahead of the inferior, when not kept straight by some objective point ahead.

right side when in hand, on account of its better position for quick use and this also influences the physical force of that side and inclines one to circle to the left. For rest the rifle is carried upon the left shoulder, but this does not increase the muscular action of that side, but diminishes it as the left hand is at rest upon the butt of the gun and the pendulum motion of the right carries one around to the left. Having this theory, I exercised my best judgment and by keeping objective points ahead and bearing a trifle to the left, in imagination at least, believe I kept

wery nearly a straight course.
What a night! The wind cut as if filled with millions of fine needles, flying points foremost, and now began crusting so as to make walking more laborious. I cast about me for spot which would afford shelter from the howling tempest, but only the sturdy trees, studded in the great white blanket, could be seen. I was weary and chilled to the bone, but dared not stop. Hour after hour slowly passed and no halt had been made. My watch told me that half of the night had passed, but could I survive the other half? That was the question. I did, of course, but it seems to me now, as it did then, that Providence guided my weary steps to a safe rescue

At the very moment when I was dis-cussing the possibility of enduring the cold until dawn a strange object loomed up before me. It was a wigwam made of poles and closely covered with bark. A single wigwam buried, it proved, in the heart of the great Canada woods. A cloud of smoke almost as white as the snow issued from the top. Never was mortal more gratified. Going close to the fur-closed doorway I cried out: "Hello, there!"

There was no response and I cried out again. The skin moved and the muzzle of a rifle appeared.
"A white hunter lost in the woods," I said, getting out of the range of the

gun. "White hunter," was repeated and s

face appeared.
"White hunter, come in." A moment later I was out of the bit-ing frost and out of danger. I found the only occupant of the forest lodge to be a very aged Indian. His face was wrinkled, his form bent and the light covering of hair upon his head as white as the crystals that danced in the winter wind outside. The old man

glad I had come.

He revived the fire, wrapped a blanket of wolf skins about my shoulders and at once set about preparing some warm drink and food. After thawing out and partaking of the red hermit's food, we sat cross-legged like Turks and smoked our pipes. The Indian was inclined to be reticent at first but when he learned that I was from the Upper Mississippi he became interacted.

"You have been up and down the meat river?" he interrogated.

"You have seen the great bluff on he sunrise side of Lake Popia, thea."

"You have seen the great bluff on he sunrise side of Lake Popia, thea." spoke English very clearly and seemed glad I had come, He revived the fire, wrapped a

"Maiden Rock?"

"Yes."
"Time and again. It is a famous rock. Every boat that passes up or down the river contains people who gaze upon the great bluff and think of Winona, who killed herself for love by

Winons, who killed herself for love by leaping from its crest to the stony base below. All the pilots tell the story over and over again of the tragic end of the pretty Indian girl."

The old man shook his head slowly. "I have heard the story," he said thoughtfully, "but none of the pale faces have it right."

"How do you know?"

"I was there at the time and do know."

"Then is the tradition not true?"
"The brave girl did leap from the

You must be very old." "Better than one hundred summers he answered, rubbing his thin hand across his deeply furrowed brow. "I

across his deeply furrowed brow. "I
was a young brave then, only a boy,
but I have forgotten nothing."
"You say the whites do not have the
story of the girl correctly preserved, so
will you tell it to me, that I may know
the truth of the Lover's Leap?"
"Yes," the old Indian said and laid

aside his pipe.
"Winona was the daughter of a Dakota chief and as bright and lovely as the fairest flower of the prairie. Many of the Dakota braves loved the pretty little squaw and so did one pale face trader called Seco, who had a trading post two rifle shots below the bluff. The trader offered the chief much money and beads for Winona, and the chief said the squaw should go to the tepes of Seco and be his. Winona hated the trader and loved a young Chippewa brave named Little Coon, and she said in her heart if she could not go in peace with the Chippewa she would go to her

death.
"Just at that time the Dakotas and Chippewas went to war and it was no longer safe for Little Coon to visit the home of Winona. He could not stay away from the pretty squaw, so he went down to Pepin lake in a canoe

she must go to the tepee of the pale face to be his squaw. She moaned pitifully and said she would throw her-self to death from the high bluff before she would go to the trader. Little Coon asked her to flee with him, but she said no, for then both herself and lover would be trailed to certain death for the Dakota warriors hated the Chippewa braves. They talked long and laid a plan to deceive the chief and her people.
"Little Coon hid himself near the

bluff all the next day. When night came the chief took Winona to the trader's post and left her there. The squaw was sad, but said not a word to Seco. She sat and gazed at the stars for a long time. Seco talked to her like the cooing of a dove, but his words touched not her heart. Then she arose and ran towards the high hill. The trader was afraid he would lose her, for she had told that she would rather die than be his squaw and he ran after her, but it was like the turtle after the

top of the bluff and Seco cried out like the wild cat and the Dakota chief and braves, who were camped up there, heard him. They ran quick. Winona saw them and went to the very brink chanting the death song. She bowed herself to the earth, wrapped her blanket about her breast and with a wild cry sprang out into the dark air of

the night.
"The braves drew near the place where the young squaw had stood and they heard the sound of a heavy fall. Hunters usually carry the rifle at the They looked down into the blackness, but a splash of water was heard and went with quick feet to the Pepin lake, but the moving water had carried the dead squaw away forever, they said, and they turned sadly back to their

"And they never found the body of the girl?" I asked.

The white-haired old warrior shook

"They did not find the body because it was not left beneath the high hill and it never went down into the lake." "The lover carried it away," I sug-

gested, a new thought entering my head suddenly. "It went away with Little Coon, but

being could not descend, under full power of gravitation, hundreds of feet, and amid broken rocks, without causing instant death. The red hermit divined my thoughts and he said:

"I have told you that the lovers planned to deceive the Dakotas, and they did. Winona secreted a long. rawhide rope under her shawl and dropped it where her lover was secreted without stopping to speak, as had been planned. When darkness came Little Coon went to the top of the bluff and making a noose on one end of the long rope, he laid the circle at the edge of the rock, put the thong around a pro-jecting point of stone, and lowered the end to the earth below, and then went down to await the coming of Winona.

"When he heard the death song from the young squaw's lips, he grasped the rope firmly. Winona wound her shawl around her breast and then put the noose around her body under her arms, and was ready for the leap. A wild ery

was ready for the leap. A wild ery rang out and Little Coon, who was a very stout young brave, held tightly and let the little squaw down.

"At the same time he pushed with his foot a large, round stone from its resting place, and it went splashing into the waters of Lake Pepin. As soon as Winons touched the earth she and her Chippewa lover ran to the water where the canoe of Little Coon was lying, and they paddled away. The long rope was taken with them. They swept quickly up the smooth surface of the pretty Pepin, and when the light came they were hidden in a thicket where Little Coon had left some food.

"When the sun went down again they hurried away from the big river

"Where did Winons dwell?"

"The pretty squaw and Little Coos lived eighty years together in this grand forest. They led the free life of the red man, and but a little time ago Winons died, leaving her old and feeble companion alone. She died in this very lodge, and is buried beneath the pines."

"Then you are the companion?"

"Yes, I am Little Coon, the Chippewa."—C. Leon Mercilith, in Detroit Free Press.

Press.

IN COUNTY CORK.

The True Irishman the Most Approachabl The diet of the Irishman in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk. As he himself puts it, he has potatoes twenty-one times a week In the event of a blight, such as the historic one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period. If one may judge by the physique of its consumers, the diet requires no recom-mendation of the medical faculty, for a more stalwart race it would be diffi-cult to find. In this corner of the country so long "preserved," we should expect to find the natural Irish man, and we certainly found him. The native Irish is almost universally spoken, but at the same time the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most ex-quisite flavor. Here, also, we have the Irishman in the typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us. To the visitor from the other island, it is ludicrous picture to see him in tall hat, blue-tailed coat and knee-breeches at work in his wretched plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation. It ments, however, that makes his pictur esqueness; it is their positively miracu-lous raggedness. We feel that this raggedness has quite passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation. But it is, above all, the hat that fixes the at-tention. We have often closely inspected it and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single life, any hat, however weather-beate and however brutally used, could at tain that pre-Adamite look. It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its people in so short a time and on such easy terms. The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own lord and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy. If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation, you have but to take your seat on one of the turf walls that form the fences in these parts of the country. If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an additional inducement. Before you are well seated you will be saluted with: "A fine day, sir, God be praised!" and a careless figure will be seen approaching with spade or pick-axe over his shoulder. Sharing your tobacco with him, it will remain with yourself to conclude the interview. Before ten minutes have passed you will have had the outlines of his family history and his views on things in general, not even excepting his priest. At the end of as many hours' conver-sation as you please he will speed you on your way with a fervent "God preserve you long!" and part with you as if you had been his life-long friend.—

A MONSTER VESSEL.

Design of a Steamship Which is to Cross

And now comes Prof. R. H. Thursto with a paper suggesting that a ship can be built that will cross the Atlantic Ocean in a little less than three and a half days, the average speed of the new ship being forty-seven miles per hour.

The leviathan suggested by Prof. Thurston as the ship to cross in eighty hours, he makes 800 feet long, 80 feet beam, of 25 feet draught and 88,000 tons burden. To make the speed of the Oregon, such a vessel, under a rule of naval architecture, would require 35,000 horse power, as against 12,000 in the smaller steamer. The law is that to double that speed, or raise it to 40 knots, eight times the power ne for 20 knots would be required; but in-asmuch as the law of resistance becomes much more favorable at these higher rates of speed, Prof. Thurston fixes the limit of the probable power required at

250,000 horse power. The weight of the steam machine he did not carry it. Winona was not killed."

The idea was absurd. A human and the consumption of coal at 175 tons. an hour, 3,200 tons a day, or 10,500 for the voyage. The weight of fuel and machinery would therefore be 18,000 tons. Allow 12,000 tons, or, according to the present construction about one-third of the total displace ment, for the weight of the hull, and 8,000 tons would be left for passengers, crew and cargo. - Goodall's Sun.

ENTIRELY TOO LATE.

Detroit Micayber Who Walted Too Long Before Turning Up Something. There was an exultant smile on his face as he walked into the office of a well-known capitalist, and there was a

proud ring in his voice as he said: "For twenty years I have lived from hand to mouth, waiting for something to turn up. It has finally came. I have made a discovery which, if you will back it with a few hundred dollars, will give us both fortunes.

"State your case."
"Well, sir, I have discovered that banans peelings can be utilized for all kinds of table jellies. A peck of old peelings can be made to bring forth twelve tumblers of the finest grants.

jell, and the profit is ——"
"Hold on right there," interrupted the capitalist; "you are just two years too late. A chap in Chicago not only discovered that, but he found a way to work in apple rinds and cores and orange peel, and we can't infringe on his patent."

"It's no use. I'd like to see you get along, but you must drop that. Don't be discouraged, however. Perhaps you can discover a way to make pressed corn beef out of old boot legs. All you want is a machine to run in the streaks of fat."—Detroit Free Press.

This is the style in which the Den son (Tex.) News described two of the young bloods of that town at a ball: "Walter Nevins wore a polks dot tie,

FOR SUNDAY READING.

GOD'S MESSENGER.

O. Death, thou art a tyrant, bold. Romorseless, reckless, cruel, cold' For griefs unnumbered, tears untold, Thy deeds have set a-bowing.

So speak our fears; our hopes not so! A better world than this below Gives them more light, more truth to kn Sweet truth with promise glowing.

The forms of loved ones in the dust We lay, not merely that we must, But with a sense of perfect trust That this is not life's ending.

Within the tomb the Saviour lay Till dawned the blessed Easter day, when forth He rose to live for aye, The bonds sepulchral rending. So, too, we die, that we may rise: Each day, each moment as it flies But orings us nearer to the skies, Unto the life immortal

Sweet in God's sigts, the death of saints, And those for whom our spirit faints, Whose loss we mourn with sad complaints, Have entered Home's bright portal.

And in that Home, surpassing bright, Their souls, with God, in rich deligat, Rejoice, in day that knows no night, And never-fading pleasure.

The very dust they left behind, The dust which we to dust resigner Shall God's dear angels bear in mi A precious, sacred treasure,

Until the trump, the clouds shall rend, Till Christ shall in His might descend, Till faith in full fruiton end, And death in resurrection.

So speak our hopes, and 'mid our tears, Athwart the cloud the bow appears, And we dispel our foolish fears, Our faith our songs inspiring.

So, Death, thou art no monster cold, No tyrant stern, remorseless, bold; God's mossenger, thou dost infold Our loved in Heaven's stiring, —Robert M. Offord, in N. Y. Observer.

International Sunday-School Lessons

June 27—Review. Service of Song: Mission ar., Temperance or other Lesson selected by the school.

ar', Temperance or other Lesson selected by the school.

July 4—Jesus and the Blind
Man. John 9:1-17

July 11—Jesus the Good
Shepherd. John 10:1-18

July 18—The death of Lazarus. John 11:1-16

July 25—The Resurrection John 12:1-16

July 25—The Resurrection John 12:1-16

Aug. 1—Jesus Honored. John 12:1-16

Aug. 8—Gentiles Seeking Jesus John 12:2-36

Aug. 15—Jesus Teaching Humilty. John 13:1-17

Aug. 22—Warning to Judas and Peter. John 13:21-38

Aug. 29—Jesus Comforting His John 13:1-16

Sept. 19—Jesus the True Vinc. John 15:1-16

Sept. 19—Jesus interceding. John 17:1-26

Sept. 19—Jesus interceding. John 17:1-26

Sept. 19—Jesus interceding. John 17:1-26

Sept. 26—Review. Service of Song; Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected by the school.

THE VOICE WITHIN.

The Spiritual Senses Should Be Kept Fre from Evil Acts and Influences.

"He is governed by his conscience and his conscience by the Divine Spirit, and so he walks with God," was the picture that one gave of a life that was fruitful in good. "He hath life that we do not see, and hears a voice that we do not hear. The influences that make him what he is are from within and

John Woolman waited for this Heavenly voice to guide him in every act of his life, even in the choice of his clothes and his food and in his daily work.

We are apt to smile at this trusting faith as childlike. But was it less wise than the modern habit of thought which makes of the world only a place for food, clothes and work, and never hears, beyond and above all, the Heavenly Call.

Heavenly Call.

In the unpublished annals of a "Friends' meeting," held near the village of Philadelphia a century and a half ago, we find the remarkable story of Jane —, the daughter of a farmer in Kent, who emigrated to this country with some of her kinsfolk, and remained with them for a year as dairy-maid. maid. She "was of a gloomy and thoughtful spirit," and was dissatisfied with her place in life. One day, with some other young people, she went to the little country meeting-house where the Quakers assembled, chiefly from curiosity and a wish for amusement. It was a quiet morning in June. No one was moved to speak, and after two hours silent session the Friends dispersed Among them was an old Quaker and his wife, who were eminent for their real and godly spirit. The English girl, we are told, looked at them steadfastly, and was moved of the Spirit to join herself to them. They also were drawn to observe her, and strangely tendered towards Outside of the house she went to them, and they, feeling that they were moved by God, bade her come to their house. She remained with them their house. She remained with them for four months, and after that, being moved to go out to carry the Gospel to the Indians, "journeyed up and down the coast as far as Florida among the wild tribes for forty years, oringing many souls to God."

Robert Barrow, another Quaker teacher of the Indians, while in Jamaica heard one day in his soul a silent voice bidding him take up this work, and "though an aged man and

work, and 'though an aged man and feeble, was not disobedient to the

Heavenly Call," but gave his life to the There is spiritual hearing as well spiritual seeing, and both may be lost by evil acts and influences. The moth-er of John and Charles Wesley under-stood this principle clearly. "Would you judge of the lawfulness or anlaw-

you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she wrote to John Wesley while he was a student, "take this for your rule: Whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience and takes away your relish of spiritual things, that to you is wrong, however innocent it may be in itself."

"Keep your spiritual senses clear," said a noble artist to a pupil, "for nature does not reveal her beauties to a mind clouded try any darkness of character." So also keep your spiritual hearing clear, and amid all the voices that call, fail not to have an open ear to the Voice that is Divine. - Youth'

NOT A SELFISH FAITH.

The Absurd Claim of Inddel Critics — Christian Excellence Attainable Only by Devotion to the Welfare of Others.

Infidel critics have discovered tha the Christian faith is essentially selfish. "It wraps men up in their individua ground for this statement is the admit-ted fact that Christianity requires mer to seek their own aslvation, to look

their own salvation in ways that injure

their ewn salvation in ways that injure others, but their obvious antagonism to the whole tenor of Christian teaching should certainly exempt it from blame for their course. It commands us to labor for, help, love sympathize with, suffer for and save each other. No other book teaches self-sacrifice for others so abundantly and impressively as the Bible does.

If any thing more were needed to show the supreme absurdity of the accusation that the Christian religion is selfish, it is that we are taught that we can only be saved ourselves by laboring to save others, and that we are saved from sin only in proportion as we are saved from selfishness. One object of our salvation is that we may be fitted to win men to Christ. We are blessed that we may be a blessing to others. "Freely ye have received, freely give." The saved soul becomes a blessing by the power of his example. He is a living witness of the power of Christ. Happy in the love of God and in assurance of pardon, the Christian's strongest impulse is to lead others to the same experience. He can retain the experience of salvation that enstrongest impulse is to lead others to the same experience. He can retain the experience of salvation that en-riches his life only by making it a bless-ing to others. The law of his spiritual life is that he shall receive grace to use for God's glory, and shall be ministered unto by the Divine spirit only as he ministers to others. "He that water-eth shall be watered himself." Spiritual leauness and apostasy are sure to result

eth shall be watered himself." Spiritual leanness and apostasy are sure to result from disobedience to this law. In other words, he that endeavors to be a selfish Christian ceases to be a Christian.

Thus all the manifold ministrations of the Spirit to believers are intended to be a blessing to others. Not one is to be selfishly appropriated by or limited to the individual recipient. Paul teaches that Divine comfort in sorrow is given that we may comfort others: "Blessed be the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort ions, that we may be able to comfor them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." No man can con-sciously receive comfort from God sciously receive comfort from God without perceiving that it is meant for others as well as himself. If he is not sure that any mercy comes to him from God, if the recovery of his health, or the saving of his fortune seems to him to be merely a piece of good luck, then he may be meanly and miserably selfish about it. If he recognizes God as the giver of his blessings, he will see that they are too great for him to keep to himself, and that they must be meant for a circle wider than his little life. The joy of his Divine comfort will overflow him and bless others.

There is no Christian excellence attainable except by devotion to the wel-

tainable except by devotion to the welfare of men. Christian perfection is not a negative grace. It is not merely freedom from low temptations. It is positive, aggressive, self-forgetful, self-sacrificing devotion to the welfare of our fellow-men; a constant, joyful efour fellow-men; a constant, joyful effort, inspired and sustained by the indwelling, constraining love of Christ to make our lives a blessing to humanity. Phillips Brooks says: "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind. The truth is, we are at our best when we try to

be it not for ourselves alone, but for our brethren; and that we take God's

gifts most completely for ourselves when we realize that He sends them to us for the benefit of other men."-N. W. Christian Advocate. PRAYER.

It Benders Affletion Less Grievous Makes Joy More Pure. When you have prayed, does not your heart feel lighter, your soul more content? Prayer renders affliction less grievous, makes joy more pure. It gives to the one fortitude; to the other a celestial perfume. What are you doing in the world? And have you nothing to ask of Him who has placed you here? You are a traveler who seeks His country. Do not walk with head bowed down. Raise your eyes Heavenward that you may see the way. Heaven is your home; and when you look above, do you return no thanks? Have you no petition to make, or do you ever remain mute? It has been you ever remain mute? It has been said: "Of what good is prayer? God is too high above us to listen to such worthless creatures!" And who, then, has, made these worthless creatures?

has made these worthless creatures? Who has given them feeling thought and speech, if not God? And if He has been so good toward them, way to forvake them afterward, and repaise them far from Him? Truly, he who says this in his heart, that God despises His works, he blasphemes God. Others have said: "Of what good is prayer? Does not God know better than we of what things we have need?" Yes! God knows better than we of necessities, for God is Himself our own res! God knows better than we of necessities, for God is Himself our own first need, and prayer to God is the beginning of love in our heart. The father knows the needs of his child. For that reason should the son never return, by word or action, gratitude to his kind parent? When animals suffer, are in fear, or hunger, they utter pitiful cries. These are the prayers which they address to God, and He bows down a listening ear. Should man, then, alone of all creation, be the only being whose voice reaches the ear of his Creator? Over the plains sometimes passes a violent hot wind, and the withered branches of the shrubs and flowers bend to the earth; but moistened by the dew they regain their freshness and raise their drooping heads. So there are burning winds which pass over the soul to wither it. Prayer is the dew which refresness the sad and weary spirit.—Intelligencer.

-Humility in furs is better than in a cowl. -St. Bernard of Clairvaux. -A new life is the best, and the most -It is the struggle and not the at-

—It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character. —

—Exchange.

—Wounds are not healed by the unbending of the bow that made them. —

—Longfellow.

—Enowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one mrn above another. —Addison.

When we know field we have not

—When we know God we have not to travel far to find Him. He is found—even as the light is found when the eye is opened to its beams.— Maclod.

Macleod.

-However brilliant the sky above our heads, we must have something to "tie to" besides the dance of the Pleiades, or we shall grow head-sick and heart-sick. Men do not gather the figs and grapes of peace and righteousness from the thorns of doubt or the thisties of denial. There is no saint on the calendar—yes, and no angel in Heaven—to be compared with what Dr. Baker calls "Bleased Saint Certainty."—Christien Intelligencer.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY BABY.

Our baby goas? It's very queer, A moment since I saw her here: Can she have gone to ride to day, Over the hills with Dapple Gre? With never a bell on her dimpled Oh, tell me where my baby goes!

Though dearly baby loves to ride, O better far she loves to hide: She may have crept behind the chair-But no! no Alice is lurking there: Can she be cuddled down to sleep." Under the hay with "Little Bo Peep."

I think I hear behind the door,
A laugh like one I've heard before:
Ah. bere's a baby cuddled down,
With many a curi on her head of brow...
Can you, Miss Baby, tell to me
Where hides the girl I long to see?

Her eyes are black and full of fun. She laughs and plays till day is done Her hair is tied with ribbon blue, I think she looks a bit like you: Just lift your head and let me see How much you look like Alice Lec!

I really think—ah! yes, I'm sure Our baby's here behind the door: Her dimpled chin, her laughing eyes, Her joy at mother's great surprise; Her curly head, her loving kiss, All say: "My little girl is this."

Now come to my lap: away we'll go Off to a land I'm sure you know; Over the hills, now up, now down, Welcome at last to Dreamland Town. That huppy place where children grow Large, strong and tall, and good, you kn Our babies, sometimes cross and sad, Come back from Dreamiand, gay and glad And older folks will often find They've left their worries all behind; So rock-a-bye, till I lay you down For a pleasant trip to Dreamiand Town, —Lizzie M. Bowles, in Golden Ruls.

immediately after the performance, and not want to talk to any one. Georgie promised to do as he was told. and away he went to the theater with his father, who left him at the door, reminding him to come directly home

afterward.

The theater was crowded with people, and although it was the afternoon performance the entire building was lighted by gas. When the grand transformation took place Georgie was perfectly delighted, and thought he had never seen any thing so pretty. He wondered who the little boys and girls were who took the part of fairies and

wondered who the little boys and girls were who took the part of fairnes and cupids, and thought what a nice time they must have, all dressed in bright ribbons and gauze dresses, smiling and dancing on the stage, while the crowds in the theater laughed with delight and clapped their hands.

Little Georgie Howard suddenly wondered why he could not act on that very stage, and wear bright ribbons, and laugh while the people applauded him, besides making money all the time. During the rest of the performance he made up his mind that he would try it, anyway. So, after the curtain rolled down for the last time, and the people were going out of the theater, Georgie made his way down to the front of the house near the stage, where the men sit who play violins and cornets and other musical instruments. One of these men sat on a chair raised higher than the rest, and waved a baton to keep the other musicians in time when they played. This man was the only one remaining in the place, so George walked up to him. man was the only one remaining in the place, so George walked up to him, and said:

and said:
"Please, sir, I want to act."
"Want to act, do you?" answered
the man in a great bass voice, and
then he sat down on his chair and aughed very hard. Then he continued: "What on earth put it into your head that you wanted to act? My ad-vice is for you to go home and stay

"But I don't want to-I want to act," replied Georgie.
"Do you really mean it," asked the man. Georgie nodded his head in reply, and the orchestra leader leaned forward in his chair and lifted a little rubber tube, on the end of which was a bright, shining mouth-piece. He whistled through this, and was answered by somebody. Then he spoke through the tube, saying: "Has the stage manager gone home

Somebody evidently said that he had not, for the man spoke again:
"Tell him there's a well-dressed kid down here who wants to tread the histrionic boards and gain the world's

applause."
Then he put down the tube, and, turning to Georgie, said:
"The stage-manager will be here

Georgie did not know who the stagemanager was, but he waited for a mo-ment, and a sharp-looking little man stepped through a door and appeared from beneath the stage. The small man was full of business, and after one rapid glance at Georgie Howard, turned to the orchestra leader and

'Where'd you pick him up?" "Nowhere; came himself," replied the musician. Then the stage manager spoke to

"Ever been in front of the lights?-No, you never acted," he continued, seeing that the little boy did not understand. "Well, we need one more cupid, and you can come with me." stand. "Well, we need one more cupid, and you can come with me."

Then he took Georgie through the little door underneath the stage, where there were so many ropes, and pullies, and benches, chains, and other things of that kind that the little boy would have become lost, but, following the stage-manager, he suddenly walked up half a dozen steps and was behind the scenes of the great theater. Hen and women were hurrying to and fro, or standing talking one with another. Some of the men were in their shirt-sleeves pushing about great boxes and pieces of scenery, or sweeping the stage and turning down the lights.

Georgie looked around him to see where the trees were, and the houses and fences he saw during the performances. He had wondered how the great trees grew in the theater, and was considerably surprised and disappointed to find that the trees were merely painted on canvas which was fastened to a wooden frame that was mounted on wheels, which ran in little grooves, so that men could easily push it across the stage.

"Now we'll proceed to business," said the stage manager, and he made Georgie take of his nice leather shoes.

showed the little boy how to take a few simple dancing steps, to bow here, where this chalk ring is drawn on the stage, and to turn on his toes at such a place. Georgie was very bright, so he learned quickly and pleased the stage-manager. The little boy was tired before the lesson was over, but at leat the stage-manager said:

last the stage-manager said:
"I think you will do." Then he called to a large woman who had been watching them. "Mrs. Brown, will you see that this youngster has a good dinner with the rest of you at five o'clock?"

o'clock?"

The woman nodded her head in reply, and with Georgie harded out of the theater to an eating-house, close by, and the little boy made quite a comfortable meal, although the food was not so nice as that to which he had been accustomed at home. Then Mrs. Brown took Georgie to the theater, and told him that he might go to sleep in one of the little rooms she said was hers, while she took a walk. The little boy was quite tired, so he thanked the woman and looked around to see where was the bed on which he should sleep. There was none in the room where was the bed on which he should sleep. There was none in the room (which was hardly larger than a good-sized closet), so Georgie threw himself on a pile of clothing in one corner and was soon fast asleep. How long he was in dreamland he did not know, but he suddenly awoke to find the dressing-room lighted up, and a queer lady dressed in scarlet and blue, standing in front of a little looking-glass, putting something on her cheeks. As Georgie uttered a frightened cry the woman turned and the boy saw she was Mrs. Brown.

was Mrs. Brown.
"Now, be quick Georgie," she said,
"it is half past seven and you must be

WANTED TO ACT.

A Little Boy's Stage Experience and How 1s Ended.

Georgie Howard was a little boy seven years old, who lived in the great city of Chicago.

One afternoon Mr. Howard purchased a ticket of admission so that Georgie might go to the pantomime; but he told the little boy to come home

"it is half past seven and your dressed."

She put on him a pair of very short white breeches, pink stockings, white jacket and slippers, and tied over one shoulder and under the opposite armpit a large pink sash. His hair was nicely combed, some of the red powder delicately rubbed on his eheeks, and the little boy stood at one of the wings, ready to step out with the other cupids when the stage manager should motion them to do so.

While all this was happening, Mr. While all this was happening, Mr. and Mrs. Howard were very much frightened because they did not know what had become of Georgie. After the pantomine was over Mrs. Howard sat by the window, watching for her little boy But he did not come, and his mother felt sorry because he had disobeyed his father again. She did not feel anxious about him until Mr. Howard came home from his office and found that Georgie had not returned. Then they sent one of the and found that Georgie had not returned. Then they sent one of the servants to inquire about him at the houses of the neighbors where he often went to play. But tea time arrived, and the servant came back with no trace of him. Mr. and Mrs. Howard became very much frightened then, and, after swallowing a little food, the former hurried out in search of his son. He inquired concerning him of the policeman he met, and went to the station-house, leaving a description of Georgie, so that in half an hour all the policemen in the great city of Chicago knew he was lost, and were hunting for him.

Mr. Howard continued the search;

Mr. Howard continued the search; and at a few minutes after six o'clock thought to go to the theater and ask if any one had seen which way his son went when he left the building in the afternoon. The evening performance had begun when Mr. Howard asked the man who sold tickets in the box-office about his boy. The ticket-seller wanted to know what he looked like, and, after Mr. Howard had described Georgie the man said that he was in Georgie, the man said that he was in the building, and speaking through a rubber tube, such as the orchestra leader had used in the afternoon, told the stage manager not to let Georgie go on the stage, as his father had come for him. It was just at this roint that the little how would have point that the little boy would have appeared, but the stage manager sent appeared, but the stage manager sent a super around to tell him not to go on the stage, so that only three cupids, instead of four, acted that evening. The man who sold tickets asked an usher to go around back of the scenes with Mr. Howard, who in a very few moments was in a horse-car with Georgie, bound for home. Mr. and Mrs. Howard were so glad to see their little boy again that they did not punish him as they should have done, and, as his mother carried him upstairs to bed, Georgie sleepily said:

"I guess I don't want to be an actor. I'll stay at home after this."—
W. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribunc.

actor. I'll stay at home after th W. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.

REST AND HEALTH. A Few Words of Advice to Overworked Housekeepers and Mothers.

The use of rest-absolute rest-as a health restorer is too much neglected, especially among those who really have the greatest need of it. 'Tired nat-ure's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' is indeed a great panacea, but it is not the only one. Too often the tired house-mother keeps at her treadmill of domestic tasks until sleep is well-nigh impossible. She lies down with every nerve at loose ends, irritable and debilitated; small wonder that sleep only visits her by fits and starts. If an hour or two before bed-time is spent in simply resting, without any attempt to exert either mind or body, sire will regain three-fold in peaceful, dreamless sleep, awaking with new energy on the morrow. Of course, she may leave something undone—there are always loose buttons and torn clothing to occupy the evening hours, but what are these compared with the mother's precious health? Physicians lay much stress on the benefits resulting from change of occupation—thus a school-girl who studies four hours a day and busies herself about the house another four hours, will learn much more representation. house-mother keeps at her treadmill of change of couperous hours a day and girl who studies four hours another four hours, will learn much more rapidly than one who studies continuously eight hours. The same thing is true in domestic work; the woman who has other interests is pretty sure to be the brightest and most capable. She doe not get into one narrow rut. Experience in various charitable societies he shown the writer that he women who do the most work for other people, as always the most notable housekeeper always the most notable housekeeper

Here is the truth of cont